And our indentures tripartite are drawne,
Which being ſealed interchangeably,
(A buſineſſe that this night may execute:)
To morrow, couſin *Percy*, you and I,
And my good Lord of *Worceſter* will ſet forth,
To meete your father and the Scottiſh power,
As is appoynted us, at *Shrewsbury*:
My father *Glendower* is not ready yet,
Nor ſhall wee neede his helpe theſe fourteene daies;
Within that ſpace, you may have drawne together
Your tenants, friends and neighbouring Gentlemen.

Glen. A ſhorter time ſhall ſend me to you, Lords,
And in my conduct ſhall your Ladies come,
From whom you now muſt ſteale and take no leave,
For there will be a world of water ſhed,
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Me thinkes my moity *North* from *Burton* heere,
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See, how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the belt of all my land,
A huge halfe Moone, a monſtorus ſcantle out:
I'le have the currant in this place dam'd up,
And here the ſmug and ſilver *Trent* ſhall run,
In a new channell, faire and evenly,
It ſhall not winde with ſuch a deepe indent,
To rob me of ſo rich a bottome here.

Glen. Not wind? it ſhall, it muſt, you ſee it doth.

Mor. Yea, but marke how he beares his courſe, and runs me up, with like advantage on the other ſide, gelding the oppoſed continent, as much as on the other ſide it takes from you.

Wor Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this North-ſide, win this cape of land,
And then he runs ſtraight and even.

Hot. I'le have it ſo, a little charge will doe it.

Glen I'le not have it altered.

Hot. Will not you?

Glen. No, nor you ſhall not.

Hot. Who ſhall ſay me nay?

Glen. Why that will I.

Hot. Let me not underſtand you then, ſpeake it

Glen. I can ſpeake *Engliſh*, Lord, as well as you,
For I was trained up in the *Engliſh* Court,
Where, being but yong, I framed to the Harpe
Many an *Engliſh* dittie, lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpeful ornament:
A vertue that was never ſeene in you.

Hot. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my hea
I had rather bee a kitten and cry mew,
Then one of theſe ſame meter ballet-mongers:
I had rather heare a brazen canſticke turnd,
Or a dry wheele grate on the axeltree,
And that would ſet my teeth nothing an edge,
Nothing ſo much as minſing Poetry:
T'is like the forc't gate of a ſhufling nag.

Glent. Come, you ſhall have *Trent* turn'd.

Hot. I doe not care, Ile give thrice ſo much Lan
To any well-deſerving friend:
But in the way of bargaine, marke yee mee,
Ile cavil on the ninth part of a haire.
Are the indentures drawne? ſhall wee be gone?

Glen. The Moone ſhines faire, you may away by
Ile haſte the writer, and withall
Breake with your wives, of your departure hence.
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much ſhee doteth on her *Mortimer*,

Mor. Fie couſin *Percy*, how you croſſe my fathe

Hot. I cannot chuſe, ſometimes hee angers mee,
With telling mee of the Moldwarp and the Ant,
Of the dreamer *Merlin*, and his Prophecies:
And of a dragon and a finleſſe fiſh,
A clip-wingd Griffin, and a moulten Raven,
A couching Lyon, and a ramping Cat,
And ſuch a deale of skimble skamble ſtuffe,
As puts mee from my faith. I tell you what,
Hee held mee laſt night, at leaſt nine houres,
In reckoning up the ſeverall divels names,